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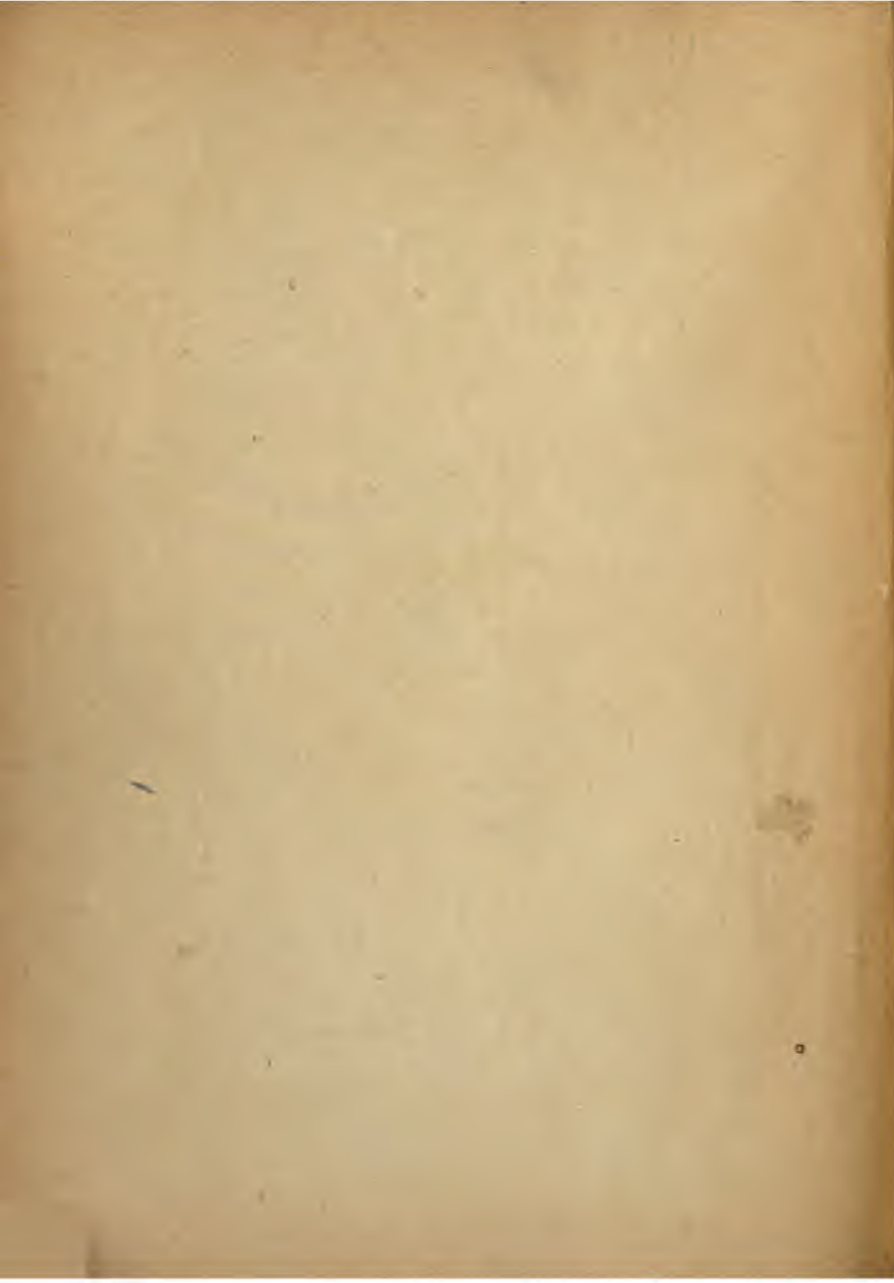
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FROM

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ECONOMICS





H 795.12



New
Nursery Rhymes
On Old Lines

By an American



*"He that loseth Gold, though Drosse,
Tells to all he meets, his Crosse:
He that Sins, hath he no Losse?"*

Boston
MDCCCXVI

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A

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*This Book is sold for the benefit of
The American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps*



Printed at The Merrymount Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO MOTHER GOOSE

*It was you who suggested these Rhymes, Mother
Goose,
And to you I must offer some kind of excuse
For turning and twisting your words to my use.*

*The fact is, our life is so full of the things
Which out of the past, to the present one brings,
—Between what we had and we have, how one
swings!—*

*That your rhymes live in mind. If I use them to-day
To point out a moral, and you smile at the way,
Ask others to smile—and to ponder, I pray.*



I

"Boys and girls, come out to play."

(BELGIAN VERSION)

BOYS and girls, oh, hurry away,
The flare of fire is bright as day;
Come with a shriek and come with a cry,
Come though in terror, come lest you die;
Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,
Join the fleeing ones in the street.

Refrain

Feet of children, you ne'er shall go
By path of anguish or deeper woe,
Wait no instant, away, away!
Less cruel to go, than now to stay —
The Germans are coming,
Away! Away!

II

*“Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy’s in the well.”*

(IN BELGIUM)

DING, dong, bell—
The body’s in the well!
Who put it there?
Germans—have a care,
Whisper low, for they may hear,
Watch thy child, for they are near;
Who?—’s-sh—I dare not tell.
Ding, dong, bell.

III

*“Diddle diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on.
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Diddle diddle, dumpling, my son John.”*

H *HOCH! Hoch! Hoch!* the Kaiser's son
Went to bed with his stockings on,
Drunk with white wine, and with red —
Not his the wine, nor yet the bed.

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! now had you thought
So much harm were quickly wrought,
Where those soldiers on their way,
In a château, spent the day?

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! the Kaiser's son;
You may not tell what he has done!

IV

"To market, to market."

(New rhymes, but old arguments for those Americans who to-day believe in "business as usual.")

TO market, to market,
The corn's in the ear,
The cotton boll's bursting,
The ship's at the pier.

.

(Farmer Rich)

Let go of that bridle,
Stand out of the road,
Can't you see I've a job on,
And extra big load?

I don't understand you,
Your words are not plain;
Who's "making sacrifice,
While we're bent on gain"?

Your son is a soldier.
What? Mine is for Peace;
And I tell you his business
Is on the increase.

Let go of that bridle,
D'you hear what I say?
I must get to market,
Don't argue all day.

"Old Glory's dishonored?
We back down on our word?
Brave men may despise us,"
Is that what you've heard?

What's that about "pottage,
And selling our souls,
And birthright"?—and "brothers
At opposite poles"?

I know all you tell me,
I've heard it before;
I've read of that fighting,
And how the guns roar.

Well—ain't it the dollar
They want over there,
And won't they all take
Every one we can spare?

Let go of the bridle,
I'm going to sell

My corn and that cotton,
I might just as well;
For I'm sure in the end,
Those Teutons won't win,
So what's the use talking
'Bout greed, or of sin?

O hang it, you tell me
This country "has furred,
The flag that had stood
For hope in the world"?

And what if it has—
I guess we can say,
We're the biggest and richest
Of countries to-day.

.
To market, to market,
The corn's in the ear,
The cotton boll's bursting,
The ship's at the pier.

(On the wind)

Far away, far away,
Men are dying
For the Right,
Day and night.
Heroes all:

Now the summer weaves their pall.
But we mourn, who may not share
In the glory of their dying,
— Oh, how sorrowful! — How fair,
— Pain is fled —
They, the Deathless!
Say not, dying,
Say not, dead.

August, 1915

V

*"There was a little man
Who had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead."*

THERE was a summer night,
When a Zeppelin in flight,
Sailed inland from the English coast,
coast, coast;
It came to maim and kill,
—That was the Kaiser's will—
For later of its work he could boast,
boast, boast.

Young women, children, men,
Were hurt and injured then,
And murdered by those cruel bombs,
bombs, bombs;
But Zeppelins are made
For that purpose, and to raid
Over-seas in enemy kingdoms, doms,
doms.

Now there was the little man,
Who had the little gun,

And bullets that were made of lead,
lead, lead;
He bravely had a try
At that monster in the sky,
But he only shot a pigeon dead, dead,
dead.

In Berlin much was told,
Of the little man so bold,
And the people all said, "What a sin,
sin, sin!"
While a Chancellor, far-famed,
"It is treachery," exclaimed,
"To try to destroy a Zeppelin," lin, lin.

So, if you have a gun,
Don't shoot at any Hun,
Though you should be at war with
them, them, them;
They will say, "How very base,
Or term it a disgrace,
And wickedness for you to resist them,
them.

"How strange!" I hear you say;
But they are made that way,

That is what makes them call black,
white, white, white.
Just as they often lie,
For "state reasons"—so they try,
To maintain that their Might is Right,
right, right.

VI

*"I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm."*

(Uncle Sam in a seemingly light mood—but as his song nears its end his face becomes very grave.)

I LIKE the black eagle,
He is a fine bird,
And if I don't cross him
He's not savage, I've heard.

But, as to letting him
Rule my own roost,
And even helping him
Up with a boost;

I confess, I'm afraid
It's not very wise,
For the eagle I own,
Is about of his size.

So I've made up mind,
This ominous thing,

—The black eagle, I mean—
Shall be clipped in the wing;

Then if he makes trouble,
Or tries to peck me,
I'll get rid of the bird,
As quick as may be.

“But how would you do it?”
You ask—I must say
As with vulture or hawk,
There's only one way.

Enough about eagles:—
My own comes at call,
But this black one, the Prussian—
I'll watch,—that is all.

VII

"How many days has my baby to play?"

HOW many days have the plotters to plot?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

MORAL

Nobody cares and nobody sees
Where Germans and Hyphens get fat fees.

VIII

*"If all the world were apple-pie
And all the sea were ink."*

[“We shall rewrite the word American, to the extent of our power,
in terms of our own ethnic complexion.” *The Fatherland.*]

IF all the world were German,
And all the sea their own,
And all Kultur was *echt-deutsch*,
Would my soul be my own?

IX

"There was a crooked man."

THERE was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked way,
He got some crooked money,
From a crooked friend one day:
He sold some crooked news
To another crooked man,
And they all lived together—
Guess where, if you can?

.
There are some crooked things in this world,
Secret, and strange as can be,
But none so secret and none so dark,
As those that are planned at an Embassy.

X

*"I'll tell you a story
About Mother Morey."*

I'LL tell you a story,
Of men in a dory:—
You've heard how they got away?
They were officers, too!
Interned with their crew,
I will finish this story some day.

Refrain

When Germans escape in a dory,
Who is it helps them away?
"You better find out—better find out,"
Is now what the wild waves say!

XI

"Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree!

None are so blind as those that won't see."

DERNBURG, Count Dumba, von Papen,
von B.,

They stayed in thy house, and insulted thee;

They used thy best chamber, they ate of thy
bread,

They lied to thy brother, they mocked at thy
dead.

"Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree!

None are so blind as those that won't see."

The moral of this is perfectly clear,

You cannot make *ehre* spell Honor, my dear.

XII

"Simple Simon met a pieman."

SIMPLE Simon saw some churchmen
Sitting on the fences,
Says Simple Simon to those churchmen,
Come with me to the trenches.

Says each man then to Simple Simon,
Show us first your penny;
Says Simple Simon to each man then,
Indeed I've many, many.

Simple Simon went a-voyaging
For to spend his gold;
Who it was that kept his purse
Has never yet been told.

Simple Simon went much hoping
For to end the war;
Yet on his ship, e'en women fought,
It broke his back, that straw!

Simple Simon has come home now
—And the peace-folk he led—

But all the peace he ever found
Was when he went to bed.

“He went to catch a dicky-bird *
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.”

* *Dove of Peace.*

XIII

*"There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing, but victuals and drink."*

THERE was an old woman * lived out in
the West,
To belong to a circus was what she liked best;
Grape juice and squab were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never keep quiet.

She talked to the children, she talked to the men,
She attended prayer meeting, and even talked
then;
She had a white magpie, she taught to say "Peace,"
Though scoffers insisted it really said "Cease."

There was an old woman lived out in the West,
To belong, etc.

* A Secretary of State, W. J. B.

XIV

*"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."*

SOME unwise men of Gotham,
(And Henry Ford as well)
Went to sea in a Peace-ship;
If the peace-ship had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

MORAL

To school, to school
Must knave and fool,
To learn what there is taught them,
taught them,
To learn, etc.

XV

*"I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb."*

(*W. W.*)

I HAD a little army
With guns not meant to kill,
I put it on a smooth green lawn,
And told the men to drill.

Then I went round the countryside,
And asked the boys to come,
For some could blow the bugles
And some might beat the drum.

They shouted and they cheered me,
They liked to hear me talk—
The crowds came in from near and far,
Some said, they had to walk.

In every place I went to
I praised all that I could,
I said the men were brave and true,
Nor others half so good.

I said the women matched the men,
I kissed some children, too;—
If you go round like that, you learn
What's best to say, and do.

But when I reached Sainteutons,
—The last place where I stopped—
I wanted there to make a stir,
So on a bench I hopped,

And shouted: and I waved my arm,
—I held the flag unfurled—
“I want my little army (navy too)
To be the biggest, and the strongest
in the world!”

My little army's drilling,
With buttons all so bright,
I guess some boys will come and join
And beat the drums with might.
My little army's drilling,
Each man with wooden gun;
You should hear them sing in chorus
“O I tell you this is fun,

Playing soldier always was the greatest fun,
Playing soldier, etc."

(OLD WAY)

Little David—khaki soldier—

Who are not too proud to fight,
If the Giant should confront you,

O be ready then to smite,

—and to die—

For the Right.

XVI

"Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

W W. high above all,
 . W. W. had a great fall,
Not all the electors, nor all their henchmen,
Could set W. W. up again.

XVII

*"Hush-a-bye baby
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock."*

HUSH-A-BYE baby
On ocean's green floor,
No terror can fright
Or Hun harm thee more.

The sands they will cover,
The wave rock thee now,
More softly, more gently—
Than nurse e'er knew how.

Hush-a-bye baby,
How quiet thy sleep!
But salt are the waters
Of anguish—and deep.

.
They have sent to New York for the Colonel,
Colonel House, the President's friend,
For a note is going to Berlin,
And discussion is rife to that end.

There are many big things to consider—
The German-American vote,
“The party,” von Bernstorff, and business,
If resolute now is the note.

But honor? the Country? and courage
To do, and to stand for the right?
Oh, that’s quite out of date—and Wilson
Is too proud, as you know, to fight.

Colonel House is come to advise him,
—The note a triumph will be:—
But what help to men sailing dark waters,
And thy children murdered at sea?

Hush-a-bye baby,
How quiet thy sleep;
And deep the sea waters,
O baby! how deep.

XVIII

*“Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross
To see what Tommy can buy.”*

RIDE a cock-horse, to Berlin of course,
To see what a *mark* now buys:
Some bread and some beer, but no cake and
no cheer,
And no sugar or butter for pies.

.
To Hans and small Gretel a long time since,
A *gulden* seemed wealth indeed;
No *mark* and no *gulden* to-day will buy
What they and their neighbours need.

XIX

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

FRANZ and Will went up the hill,
For *Weltmacht* they were after;
Franz fell down and broke his crown,
While Will came crashing after.

And after, after?
Why, *Untergang* comes after.

XX

*"O look at the Moon,
She is shining up there."*

O LOOK! look up there,
At that thing sailing by!
Why, Mother, it looks
Like a boat, in the sky.

Child, child, come with me,
Those are murderers there;
But where can we hide—
O God!—tell me where?

(German report)

"A Zeppelin passed over a fortified town,
What our brave men accomplished has won
them renown."

(English report)

"Last night at the village of —— and nearby
Twenty persons were killed by bombs from
the sky."

(Neutral statement)

**You must call it War-lust on the part of the
skilled,
When women and children and men are thus
killed.**

XXI

*"Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter."*

LITTLE Jean and Nanette
Have nothing for supper
But Tommy is singing
For his bread and butter.

Now Tommy, Tom Tucker,
Call loudly and clear:
"O Jean and Nanette,
We have bread for you here."

That little boy's shouting—
As friendly can be:
"Come, for here's supper,
Come and share it with me."

.
In Europe to-day what men need can't be told,
And children, like yours, go hungry and cold.

Don't let it be said, with your table piled high,
That "America first" was the rule you lived by;
You are wronged by those words, your spirit's
much more,

Of the brotherly sort, and the welcoming door,
— Like Tommy's — who's shouting so loud to
Nanette:

"Do you want something more? I've more for
you yet."

That's America — that: not the other way round,
As — when the War's done — the world will have
found.

XXII

*"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"*

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Watching his mother cry:
Why? he had no idea, so he said with some
fear,
"Mother, shall we have any Christmas pie?"

"You know, Jacky boy, you're always my joy,
But I've no pie for you, lad.
There's nothing to bake, and nothing to
make,
And when Jack goes without, I am sad."

"No matter," says Jack, "when Father comes
back,
Then we can have a pie:"
But his mother replies with tears in her eyes,
"Father's wounded—and, oh, he may die!"

XXIII

"This is the house that Jack built."

THIS is the people now hated and feared,
That to all the world so kindly appeared;
That was making soldiers of all its sons,
That made the roads to carry its guns,
That should blast a way into Belgium—then,
That would wreck and ruin and scourge, by design,
That would seize as theirs, what was thine or mine;
That was "Frightfulness"—

Theory and practice of wickedness,
That, of the General Staff was the plan;
"Made in Germany," made by that man,
The Kaiser.

This is the house the Huns built.

.
The ghastly edifice appears,
A thing of blood and groans and tears;
If time destroy it, there remains
The world's indictment—and those dark stains,
Upon the plains
Of Belgium, France, and Poland,
And the red tide in England.

XXIV

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man."

THE sower sows, and recks not he,
How that his seed shall watered be;
It is thy blood will make it grow,
But that the sower does not know.

Who is it that shall bind the grain,
Where armies grapple on the plain?

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Think of the toil ere yours began;
Sift the flour and bake the bread,
Children go hungry, for the soldier lies dead.
Make the loaf, bake the loaf, baker's man,
Fast as you can, fast as you can.

XXV

*"The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men."*

(YPRES)

THE regiment went up the hill—
 Canadians strong and brave:
The regiment came down the hill,
 Where heroes found a grave.

.
"Missing"—the word is brought to thee—
 No other sign, no ring he wore;
And still they ask—"Which way went he?"
 Thy soldier! who returns no more.

XXVI

*"Evening red and morning grey
Sees the traveller on his way."*

EVENING red and morning grey
The submarine is on its way—
On its way far out to sea,
Hoping there to murder thee.
Torpedoes ready, Huns as well,
They do the work was planned in hell;
And when the savage deed is done—
"An Iron Cross you've won, my son,"
Von Tirpitz says,—the Nation jeers—
"Those stupid Yankees had no fears!"

.
How many months since the world saw
The Kaiser's hand raised 'gainst the law!
And still we say in accents mild:
"Please settle for the murdered child."

My Country! wilt thou have it said,
So gold was paid thee for thy dead

Thou kept'st the easy way along,
Not caring to avenge foul wrong?
Thou, whom thy sons proclaimed to be
The champion of Humanity!

December, 1915

XXVII

"Evening red and morning grey."

(LATER VERSION, FOR GERMANS)

EVENING red and morning grey
Sees von Bernstorff have his way :
Sees more notes to Berlin sent,
Grave and weighty of intent.
But the German in his pride,
Stubbornly has falsified
Word and act of others,—they,
Who through patience and delay
Sought to make the law prevail,
And though mocked at did not quail.
"For the Right" we took our stand,
For the Right, we now command
Swift compliance, or an end,
Make the choice now—foe, or friend?

January–April 19, 1916

XXVIII

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," said the sparrow,

*"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."*

WHO sank the Falaba?"

"I," said the hero,

"With my torpedo,
I sank the Falaba."

"Who sank the Gulflight?"

"I," said the hero,

"With my torpedo,
I sank the Gulflight."

"The Lusitania?"

"I," said the hero,

"With my torpedo,
Sank her—hurrah! hurrah!"

"And the Armenian?"

"I," said the hero,

"With my torpedo
Sank the Armenian."

“And the Orduna?”

“I admit,” said the hero,

“With a torpedo,
I sank the Orduna.”

“Who sank the Arabic?”

“Why,” said the hero,

“With a torpedo,
I sank the Arabic.”

“Then the Ancona?”

“You ask,” said the hero;

“What but a torpedo
Could sink the Ancona?”

“Who sank the Persia?”

“Mein Gott!” said the hero,

“Your question is stupid, O—
I sank the Persia.”

“Who sank the Sussex?”

“This sketch,” said the hero,

“Will prove no torpedo
But (a) mine sank the Sussex.”

.

And now out of crimes,
We can only make rhymes;
While Wilson sends notes,
To catch Teuton votes?
Of those who have wronged us, the Votes!

XXIX

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea."

CAPTAIN FRYATT's gone to sea;
Staunch his ship, and brave is he;
What though there torpedoes be!
Fearless Captain Fryatt.

Captain Fryatt, as you know,
On his way has met the foe—
Can he still escape—or no?
Fearless Captain Fryatt.

Captain Fryatt prisoner made
By those Germans of "The Trade,"
Meets his captors unafraid,
Honest Captain Fryatt.

Captain Fryatt ne'er may tell
What in those grim hours befell:
Not a doubt that he did well,
Fearless Captain Fryatt.

Captain Fryatt's lying dead—
And his shirt is stained and red;

What! has he been murderèd—
Fearless Captain Fryatt?

.

Now upon the trackless sea,
Captain Fryatt's sailing free—
And his ship is staunch and strong
For the far voyage and the long.
If he pass a British sail,
Know fair weather will prevail;
But if Teuton ship he meet,
Let the sailor grasp the sheet,
For the wave will lash the deck,
And the storm will make shipwreck.

Captain Fryatt's sailing free,
Out across the trackless sea,
Fearless Captain Fryatt!

XXX

"There was a man in our town."

THERE was a man, whom many men
Doubted in other days,
For Socialist, his work and views
Menaced hope's wiser ways.

But later not with those he stood
Who wrecked their well-earned fame,
For in the Reichstag he spoke out:—
No coward—when war came;

He told the truth,—and did not fail
To make his point quite clear,
Although he knew, that for such words
He had all things to fear.

The mailed fist might strike him down,
The Government oppress,
No German court would take his part,
No Hun his wrongs redress.

And what he said, the whole world knows;
Though Germans stop their ears,

It shall be said, and shall be felt,
Through long-condemning years.

Let Prussian courts the verdict give
That does all justice shame!
Take civil rights away from him—
Those rights that free men claim;

Let him in prison live—or die—
At monarchy's decree,
Karl Liebknecht's name shall be a spell
For honest men and free.

Let Germany the truth deny,
Her bravest son disown:
The patriot's wreath shall deck his grave,
And honor be his own.

XXXI

*"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may?"*

*"I am going to the meadows to see them a-mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay."*

"**W**ILHELM, O Wilhelm, where are you
going?

—Who wished you good-luck on your
way?"—

"I am going to Verdun, to see my men reaping,
I am going to speed up the work there to-day."

Wilhelm, O Wilhelm, no use to be going,
The wild storm has blocked your way,
And red ruin and horror, and death and disaster,
Is the reaping of all your strong men there
to-day.

March, 1916

XXXII

*“London Bridge is broken down;
Dance over my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.”*

THE peace of the world is broken down,
—The waters are dark, Lady Lee,—
The peace of the world is broken down,
Get thee home, lady.

How shall we build it up again?
—Count me the graves I see—
How shall we build it up again?
With hope, lady?

Build it up with silver and gold,
—There is weeping from sea to sea—
Build it up with silver and gold,
Hush thy child, lady.

Silver and gold are weak to hold,
—How bloody the path o’er the lea—
Silver and gold are weak to hold,
Pale thy cheek, lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
—Count me the graves I see—
Build it up with iron and steel,
His sleep is sound, lady.

With iron and steel you may not heal,
—Cruel the blade I see—
With iron and steel you may not heal,
Wild thy look, lady.

Build it up with wood and clay
—Count me the graves I see—
Build it up with wood and clay,
Ruined thy home, lady.

Wood and clay are but for a day,
—There are no leaves left on the tree—
Wood and clay are but for a day,
Frail art thou, lady.

Build it up with stone so strong
—Crumbled the walls I see—
Think you then it would last for long?
Not long—lady.

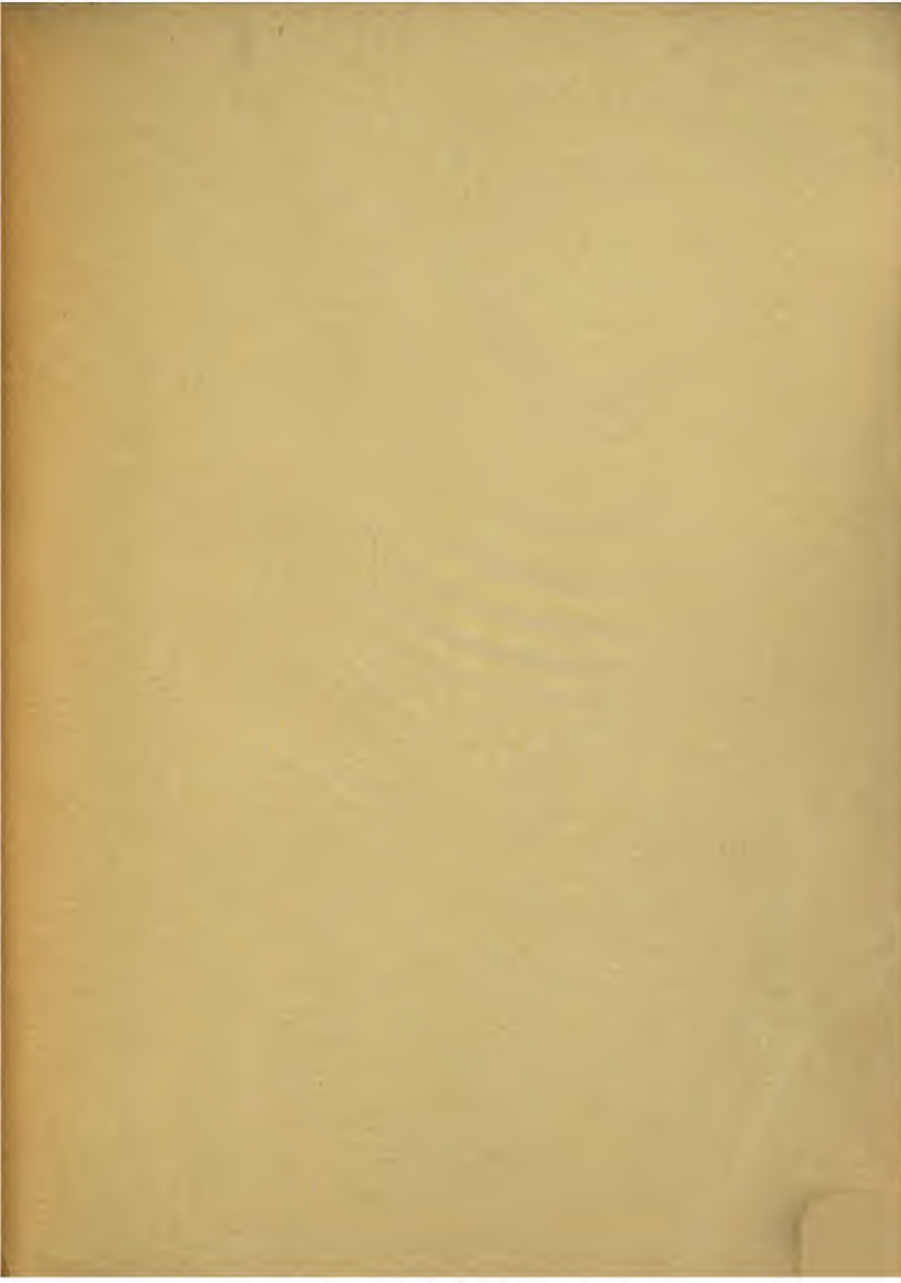
Bury thy hate and forge a great ring,
Encircle the land and the sea,

Bury thy hate and forge a ring,
Strong must it be.

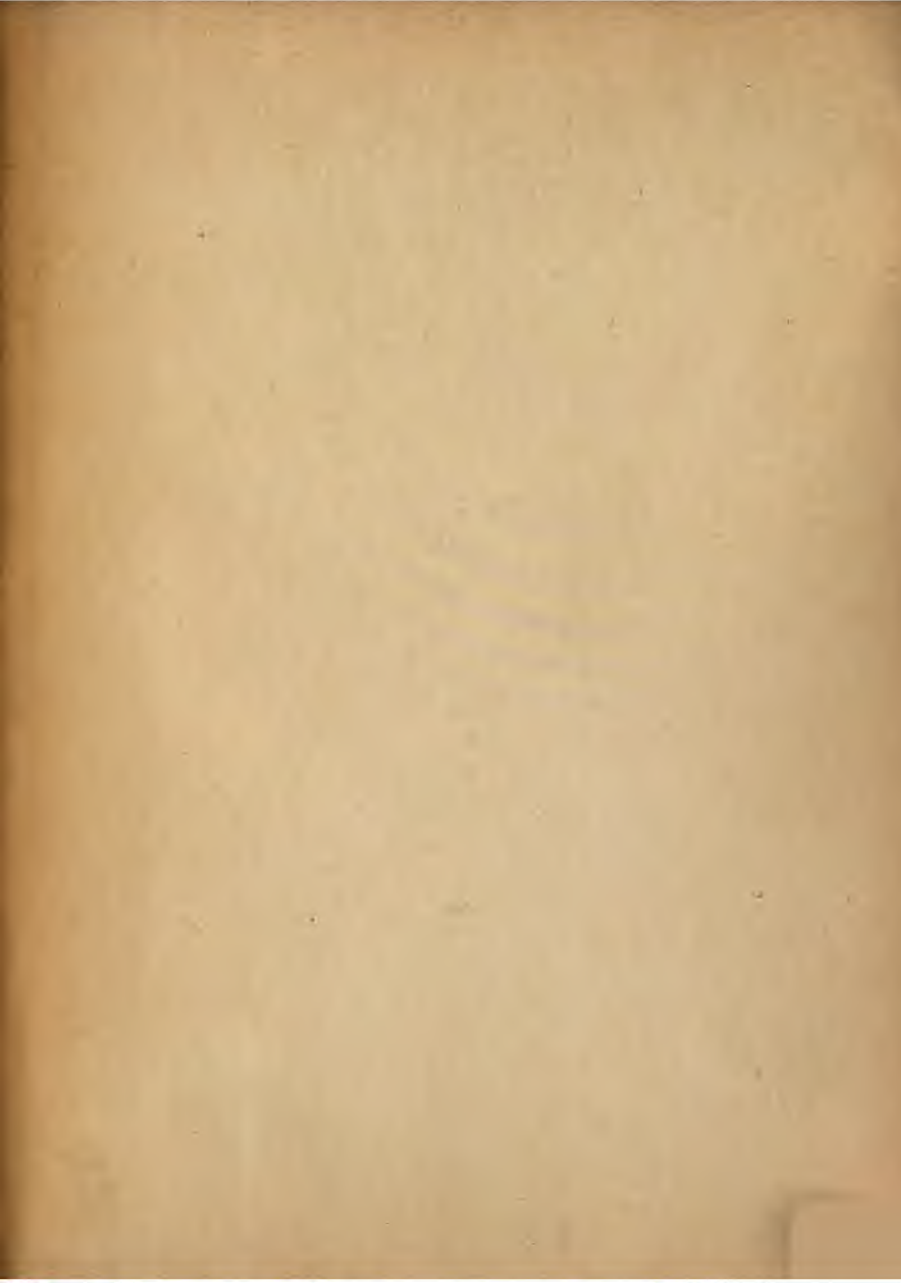
Bury thy hate, and forge a ring,
And keep the law-breaker outside,
Bury thy hate, and forge a ring,
There is no way beside.

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The peace of the world is broken down,
—There is weeping from sea to sea—
How shall we build it up again,
With love—lady?





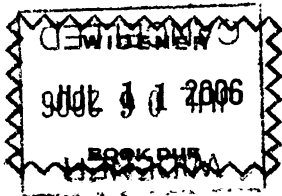




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